THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 20, 1809.

DESCRIPTION *of* MONTSERRAT.

[From a recent Publication, entitled, " Travels through Spain and Part of Portugal."]

AT six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, 1803, we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility. At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge; the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides itself into two, leading to Saragossa and Valencia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods of dwarf-pines, bound the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrat forms a grand back-ground for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed; and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and offer you

flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrat, gave us a very delightful day. In a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

The approach of Martorel is highly picturesque; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity; some attribute it to Trajan; but the common people, with their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated: it is very high, and consists of three pointed arches, a great and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town; it is perfectly simple, being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrat. Here we found a small village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicknesse had drawn it; but we "wound our way" in silent expectation, here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we beheld the convent situated in a recess among the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination; it is too modern, and has more the air of a manufactory than an abbey; taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate; all was silent, except the faintly heard Llobregat in the vale below; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some ancient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a town.

We entered the gates about five o'clock; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk; I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters; he gave them back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister, and as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me to find the gentleman to whom the letters were addressed;

dressed; he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour; when fortunately a servant of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of Father ——, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate; he spoke pretty good French, which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who, at the period of the revolution, escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment, regretting exceedingly that, on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost, (Whit Sunday), we should be very badly lodged; he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

28th. At four o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door; Father —— was ready to attend us; we therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds. After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us; we beheld at one view thirteen out of the fourteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance; all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain rises perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces; it has two crowns of cones, or bolsters, one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the residence of a hermit from Grenada; he prepared us a little chocolate, which we thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen; these apartments are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except, indeed, that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; Mistica Condad di Dios I observed

in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below; and then mounted to St. Juan and St. Onosse, which grow together on the side of a cone; in the former is preserved a bone of John the Baptist, which is the only relic to be found among the hermitages. We now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of St. Madeline; then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a number of pipes. The day was particularly warm; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of this valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest of them all; it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain; on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desart; indeed the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrennees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrennees, are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mountain. The largest town we see is Manrerar, on the road to Laragona. Thicknesse is wrong in supposing, that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sunset.

THE

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 64.

TO THE EDITOR.

" Oh! nature—human nature!
Shall I behold thy baseness, and be silent?
Forbid it, all that's just!!"

SPEAKING of mankind, individually, I am led to observe that every one appears to possess some peculiar passion, which is apt to hurry him into extremes. Hence the mutual accusations of party-spirit, eccentricity, and enthusiasm. As it regards myself, and the intended subject of my present letter, this observation seems neither misplaced nor misapplied; for I am well aware what a source of raillery my frequent anathemas against *cruelty* expose me to. But I act from genuine feeling; and such is my conviction of the propriety of the sensation, that I set criticism at defiance; and boldly throw my gauntlet to every champion of an opposite cause.

I have invariably remarked, that persons who attempt to confute my opinions on this subject, (I mean the subject of cruelty to the brute creation,) rest their chief palliation of the offence on the insensibility, both mental and corporeal, of the objects of their inhumanity; but the man, who advances such an absurd hypothesis, must resign every pretension to the knowledge of natural history or philosophy; as a hundred instances, I could easily adduce to the contrary, would amply testify; many of them proceed from personal observation, and will occupy no inconsiderable part of my future speculations; but before I advert to my own testimonies, I shall give you a singular instance of the maternal affection of a bitch. The fact appeared to me, (for I have not read it lately), so well authenticated, that I do not hesitate to pronounce it an absolute truth. The bitch having littered, her master (I think he was termed " a gentleman"), seizing an opportunity of the mother's accidental absence from her little family, threw them into a pond, where (as may be rationally inferred) they were all drowned. On the return of the fond and anxious parent to her bed of straw, she found it deserted, and immediately darted forth (aided no doubt, by the exquisite acuteness of the olfactory organs) to the melancholy scene of death. By this time, her gentle-hearted master had returned to his fire-side, to enjoy, probably, the consolatory contemplations, such an act of tenderness may be supposed to awaken. The mother rushed into the pond, and seizing one of her inanimate offspring, carried it into the parlour, and laid it at her master's feet. In short,

short, she resumed her task, 'till she had placed the whole of them, one after another, in a similar situation; but when she brought him the *last*, she looked up mournfully in his face, and instantly dropped down *dead!*

Notwithstanding the innumerable instances of the discernment and feeling of *brutes*, (as they are generally, though, I think, improperly called), prejudice will hood-wink mankind, and pervert the convictions of reason; so that whenever any improper inducement to cruelty occurs, they place all *rational* arguments in the back ground, and resort to the creed of ignorance or falsehood, by way of internal as well as public exculpation.

To whatever species of the animal creation we direct our observation, we shall invariably discover the full force of parental and filial affection mutually existing between the old (whether of the feathery tribe or quadrupeds) and their young. It must be allowed, however, that there are some few exceptions; but the paucity of them may well excite a blush on the proud front of man, when he casts his eyes around him, and beholds the daily instances of rooted enmity and ingratitude so glaringly evident among his fellow-beings; and even amongst such as are connected by the closest ties of consanguinity. Nor is parental attachment the only proof of the sensibility of the dumb creation. The dog, the horse, and various other less useful animals, are well known to possess particular regard for their imperious masters, and to prove themselves, at all times, as faithful as they are affectionate. Base, then, must be the heart, and destitute of feeling, that would return evil for good, and inflict unnecessary torments on beings worthy their gratitude and imitation.

Your's, Mr. Editor, gratefully,

X.

Mr. Editor,

On the first blaze of patriotism in Spain, I sent you an extract from Semple's tour through that country, under a firm conviction that its prophetic anticipations were on the eve of being realized. But dreadful has been my disappointment. The day-star of hope is lost amidst the horrific gloom of calamity; and an awful providence seems to have fresh operations at hand, in which the scourge of nations will not rest inactive. Heaven! grant it may be otherwise. How far *we* merit any lenity (considering our national depravation) I leave to the decision of the learned; not daring, in this astrological age, to express the *natural inferences* which may be deduced from the contemplation of the subject.

I

I shall only add (however *just* the following poetical denunciation against *Spain* may appear), that I sincerely hope it will not be absolutely confirmed.

I transcribe it from Cowper.—After speaking of

"—Cortex! odious for a world enslaved."

The poet proceeds—

"Oh could their ancient incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
Art thou, too, fall'n Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murd'rer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dare despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.
Art thou the God, the thunder of whose hand
Roll'd over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
The sword shall rest upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted our's.
'Tis thus omnipotence his law fulfills,
And vengeance executes what justice wills."

In the present state of affairs, these lines cannot but excite interest. I leave every one to form his own judgement; and am,

Mr. Editor,
Your's, as usual,
X.

Dr. BEDDOES, *and the* DOCTRINE *of* AIRS,

Mr. Editor,

THE death of the late Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, has, like the decease of celebrated men in general, been noticed in the public prints, with various speculation on his character. As a literary man, he had unquestionably high claims to genius and philosophical knowledge; claims, which were allowed by enemies as well as friends. But his speculative turn and fondness for experiment rendered his mental powers and talents useless; and it were well, if this were all. His hypothesis and

his empiricism exposed his profession to ridicule and his patients to danger.

It was the accidental perusal of a little poem, entitled "*The Pneumatic Revellers*," led to these observations. This piece was printed in the Antijacobin Review, [Vol. vi. pp. 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118,] whither, for the gratification of their curiosity, we refer our readers. In the mean time, the following extracts from "The Eclogue," (as it is called) may not be unacceptable. In "some preliminary observations," the author says:—

"Among the variety of philosophical improvements that distinguish the eighteenth century, a few of the discoveries in *aërology* have a just claim to our admiration. But the dexterity with which *airs* are made subservient to medical purposes, is really a matter of astonishment. Dr. Beddoes has lately applied the *gas* of Dr. Priestley, the dephlogisticated nitrous gas, to the uses of medicine; and the success of this experiment is such as might have been expected from a man who has advanced, in his scientific researches, with an unparalleled velocity; and who, leaving all his contemporaries behind him, has shewn how far a philosopher may be carried by the force of a flaming imagination.

That Dr. B. hath "continued to retard the progress of aëromedical science," is the cry of those only, who feeling their incapacity to follow him in his career, "*per liquidum æthera*," affect to prefer rational investigations to fanciful theories—a dull experiment to a splendid hypothesis. From "the Medical Pneumatic Institution" of Dr. Beddoes, will probably flow the most substantial benefit to mankind.

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Dr. B. combining in his own great and comprehensive mind, the theories of Darwin and of Godwin, professes his ability to turn us all into amphibious creatures, to repair the breaches in our constitutions, to subdue disease and pain, and to renovate in the aged every source of pleasure."

* * * * * * * * * *

"The doctor thus describes the effects of this gas on several of his friends:—"The Rev. R. Barbauld felt exhilarated, and was compelled to laugh."—"Mrs. B. the Children's Friend, at first pleasurable sensations, occasioning involuntary laughter; some momentary faintness afterwards."—"Mr. R. Southey; his first definite sensations were a fullness and dizziness in the head, such as to induce fear of falling. Afterwards a thrilling in the extremities; his taste and smell more acute."—"Dr. Beddoes seemed to himself, at the time, to be bathed all over with a bucket-full of good humour."—"Under a certain administration of the gas, he thinks sleep might be dispensed with."

Now comes "The Eclogue"—the interlocutors, Dr. B. George Dyer; Rev. R. B. Mrs. B. the Children's Friend; Mr. R. S.

DR. B.

"My friends! from a world where disorders are rife,
I call you, to taste of the liquor of life;
A fluid to render us nimble and fresh,
And purge from its drossy pollution the flesh!

* * * * *

I hold it, my friends, a position unshaken,
That pure vital air was familiar to Bacon.*
And I think it was known to the poets and sages
Who liv'd in the classic and fabulous ages;
While the tale of old Dis and Persephone shews
The detection of air in a pink or a rose;
Nay, the story of Eve and the Devil may teach
That Moses found gas in the bloom of a peach.
If so, the discovery of gas, from the maiden
In Sicily ravish'd we trace up to Eden;
So, inciting fond Eve to a spiritual revel,
The very first chemist in air, was the Devil.
Yet the substance (alas, we have cause to be serious!)
In Eve effervescing, was damn'd deleterious,
And the gas in my hands is salubrious alone;
By Satan or Priestley prepar'd, is all one.
Had I been in Eden, perhaps Mother Eve
Would have actually soar'd, as she seem'd to believe.
Albeit, as instead of ascending, she sunk
Top-heavy, and all her race since have been drunk;
Tho' late, be it mine the mishap to repair,
And exhibit my pure preparations of air."

After the doctor's speech, they all drink of the "liquor of life," and severally describe the effects of their potations. In three of these descriptions, the poet has attempted, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the versification and style of D——. Mrs. B——, and R. S—y.

We shall conclude our extracts with Mrs. B.

Mrs. B—d, "the Children's Friend."

[*Drinks.*]

"Oh! I feel a fine sensation,
Stealing o'er my charmed frame!

* See Lord Bacon's Works, vol. v. p. 470. Edit. 4to. Lond. 1778.

Sweeter far than inhalation,
Sweeter than the breath of fame.

Banish'd ev'ry carking care is;
Sick disgust and anxious fear;
This is, sure, the haunt of fairies!
Pleasure, pleasure wantons here.

Blithe as when I skipp'd with Lissy,
Crown'd with many a blooming flower,
B——s! how I long to kiss ye,
In my trembling moonlight bower.

There, between the opening branches,
Stars may shed the silent dew;
But upon my heels or haunches,
Nectar will I taste with you.

Yet, with sudden qualms I languish;
Struggles in my breast the sigh;
With my transport there is anguish!
Doctor! Oh, I faint—I die!" †

† See Mrs. B——'s verses written in an alcove.

" Now the moon-beam's trembling lustre
Silvers o'er the dewy green,
And in soft and shadowy colours,
Sweetly paints the chequer'd scene."

* * * * * * *

" Then, when next the star of evening
Softly sheds the silent dew,
Let me in this rustic temple,
Lissy! meet the muse and you."

Ceremony of laying the Foundation-Stone of the new Theatre in Covent-Garden, December 31, 1808.

THE foundation-stone of the new theatre in Covent-Garden, now erecting by Mr. Robert Smirke, was this day laid by his royal highness the prince of Wales, as grand master of the free-masons; the duke of Sussex, Earl Moira, and other distinguished noblemen, with some hundreds of that order, attended in procession. Considerable importance and interest was given to the spectacle by the honour thus conferred upon it; and all necessary pre-arrangements having been admirably attended to by the proprietors and the architect, the whole ceremony passed with much *eclat*. It attracted a great concourse

concourse of people; all the adjacent streets and houses were thronged, and near a thousand of spectators were admitted with tickets, and accommodated within the inclosed area, in a temporary covered building, erected opposite to the foundation-stone; another building was provided for the free masons, and a marquee for his royal highness the prince of Wales. Above seven hundred workmen belonging to the building stood on surrounding scaffolds. Military detachments guarded the exterior; the grenadier company of the first regiment of guards was stationed within the ground at the prince's entrance, and the whole scene was enlivened by the music of various military bands.

The foundation-stone is at the N. E. angle of the building, of an oblong shape, and weighing nearly three tons; it hung suspended over a basement stone. At half-past twelve the procession of free masons entered the area, adorned with their various paraphernalia, the Chevalier Ruspini bearing the sword before them, and attended by a band of music. His royal highness the prince of Wales arrived at one o'clock, and was received by Earl Moira and other superior members of the order; a discharge of artillery and loud acclamations welcomed his approach, while all the bands uniting, struck up "God save the king." His path, from the entrance to the marquee, was covered with green cloth. His royal highness appeared in excellent health, and was brilliantly decorated with all the insignia of the order. Having arrived at the marquee, Mr. Smirke, the architect, presented him with a plan of the building; his highness then advanced, and deposited in the basement-stone, a brass box containing two medals, one of bronze, on which was a portrait of his royal highness, and on the reverse, the following inscription:

"Georgius
Princeps Walliarum
Theatri
Regiis Instaurandi Auspiciis
In Hortis Benedictinis
Londini
Fundamenta
Suâ Manu Locavit
M.DCCC.VIII."

The other medal was deeply engraved in copper; on one side is inscribed:

"Under the auspices of
his most sacred majesty George III.
king of the united kingdom of Great Britain and

Ireland,
the foundation-stone of the theatre
Covent Garden
was laid by his royal highness
George prince of Wales,
M.DCCC.VIII."

On the other side is engraved:

" Robert Smirke, architect."

There were deposited also gold, silver, and copper British coins of the latest coinage.

Three masons then spread mortar over the lower stone; and Earl Moira, deputy grand master, having presented the prince with a silver trowel, his royal highness, as grand master, finished spreading it, and the stone was slowly let down; its descent was proclaimed by a discharge of artillery. The plumb, the level, and the square, were then presented by the acting grand master, with which the prince tried the position of the stone, after which he finished the laying of it by three strokes with a mallet; he now poured over it the antient offerings of corn, wine, and oil, from three silver vases. His royal highness then returned the plan into the hands of the architect, desiring him to complete the edifice comformably to it; and, addressing Messrs. Harris and Kemble, he expressed his wishes for the success and prosperity of the undertaking. The ceremony being now finished, the illustrious grand master retired, leaving every spectator in admiration of the grace and dignity with which he had performed his part.

ANECDOTE *of* ADMIRAL CALMADY.

IN the war raging at the accession of his present majesty, two gallant sea-bred sons of a Captain Everett in the royal navy got commands. One of them, Michael, was killed on board the Ruby, in the American war, many years after: the other, Charles, in his early years of post-captain, had the Solebay, a small frigate; and, cruizing near Weymouth, fell in with two very heavy French privateers; he engaged both, winged one, and immediately closing with the second, took her, and then at his leisure picked up the first. This was much admired at the time.

Charles, from a lad, had a fiery red nose, but was always ready to cry out " Scaldings" with his messmates, whether the kettle of boiling water was in sight, or his own fierce phiz. He married an heiress in mid-life, and took her name of Calmady.

After

After acquiring the rank of admiral, he was one day at a public dinner of the Hampshire hunt; and whilst the bottle was circulating, up came a waiter to say "a poor sailor below wished to speak with Admiral Calmady." The admiral was not allowed to leave the room, and the chairman requested of him that the man should come up.

Accordingly, old Jack, very much in dishabille, made his appearance; and the chairman ordered him to find out the admiral, if they had ever sailed together: now all the gentlemen were in the same uniform of the hunt. Jack moved round to Calmady's chair: "Sailed together—he knows all that, but Charles Everett was his name then, God bless him." The admiral looked at him, without recollection of his face: "No tricks upon travellers; I remember nothing about you."—"But, admiral, you han't forgot poor Johnson, the marine: I was in the afterguard, close to him, on board the Solebay." "Well what of Johnson the marine?" "Why, admiral, don't you recollect when the Frenchmen were peppering at us, that Johnson, the marine, burst out a laughing, and rapt out an oath how narrowly they had missed a certain person's d——d red nose!"

Here the whole company enjoyed the story; and Calmady laughed with the rest. "Well, what then, old boy?" "Why, you turned about as sharp as fire, and promised poor Johnson a d——d good dozen as soon as the action was over."

The admiral asked no more questions, gave his old ship-mate half a crown, and all the gentlemen did the same. Jack went down to get a skinful of good liquor, and to laugh again amongst the party-coloured lads in livery about Admiral Calmady's red nose.

An Exact Description of the Dress and Execution of Mary, late Queen of Scots, within the Castle of Fotheringay, February 8, 1586.

[From a MS. in Mr. Ashmole's Library.]

HER attire was as follows: On her head was a dressing of lawn, edged with bone lace, a pomander chain, and an Agnus Dei about her neck, a crucifix in her hand, a pair of beads at her girdle, with a golden cross at the end of them; a veil of lawn fastened to the caule, bowed out with wyre, and edged about with bone lace. Her gown was of black sattin, printed, with a train and long sleeves to the ground, set with acorn buttons of jet, trimmed with pearl, and short sleeves of black satin, cut, with a pair of sleeves of purple velvet, whole, under them; her kertle, whole, of crimson sattin, and her petticoat

ticoat skirt of crimson velvet; her shoes of Spainish leather, the rough side outward; a pair of green silk garters; her nether stockings worsted, coloured, watched, clocked with silver, and edged on the top with silver, and next her legs a pair of Jersey hose, white.

The two executioners having kneeled down, and desired her to forgive them her death; she answered, "I forgive you with all my heart; for I hope this day shall put an end to all my troubles." Then they, with her two women, helping her up, began to disrobe her, and she laid her crucifix upon the stool. One of the executioners took from her neck her Agnus Dei, but she laid hold of it, saying she would give it to one of her women, and withal told the executioner that he should have money for it. Then she suffered them, with her two women, to take off the chain of pomander beads and all her other apparel, and immediately with a kind of gladness and smiling, began to make herself ready, putting on a pair of sleeves with her own hands, (which the two executioners had before rudely pulled off,) with such speed, as if she longed to have been gone out of this world.

During all these actions of disrobing the said queen, she never altered her countenance, but smiling, as it were at it, said, "She never had such grooms before to make her unready, nor never did take off her cloaths before such a company." At length, she being unattended and unapparelled of such and of so much of her attire and apparel as was convenient, saving her petticoat and kertle, her two women looking upon her, burst out in a very great shrieking, and crying, and lamentation, and when their shrieking began to decline, they crossed themselves and prayed in Latin.

Then said the queen, turning herself to them, and seeing them in such a mournful and lamentable plight, embraced them, and said these words in French: "Ne cry vous jay pro me por vous," and so crossed and kissed them, and bade them pray for her, and not be so mournful; "for," said she, "this day, I trust, shall end your mistress's sufferings." Then, with a smiling countenance, she turned herself to her men servants, Melville and the rest, standing upon a bench near the scaffold, who were sometimes weeping, sometimes crying out aloud, and continually crossing themselves, and praying in Latin. And the queen (thus turned unto them) did herself cross them, and bade them farewel, and prayed them to pray for her, even to the last hour. This done, one of her women having Corpus Christi cloth, lapped it up three-corner-wise, kissed it, and put it over the face of her queen and mistress, and pinned it fast on the carol of her head.

Then they two mournfully departed from her; and she kneeled down upon the cushion, at which time, very resolutely, and

and without any token of the fear of death, she repeated aloud, in Latin, this psalm, "In te domine confido," &c. Then groping for the block, she laid down her head, putting her chain over her back with both her hands, which holding there, had been cut off, had they not been espied. Then she laid herself upon the block most quietly, and, stretching out her arms and legs, cried out, "In manus tuus Domine," three or four times.

At last, while one of the executioners held her straitly with one of his hands, the other gave her two strokes with an axe before he did cut off her head, and yet left a gristle behind. At which time she made very small noise, and stirred not any part of herself from the place where she lay.

The executioner, who cut off her head, lifted it up, and said, "God save the queen." Then her dressing of lawn fell from her head, which appeared as if she had been seventy years old, her face being in a moment so much altered from the form which she had when she was alive: few could remember her by her dead face. Her lips stirred up and down almost a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off.

DISTINGUISHED GALLANTRY.

NOTHING can so effectually console us for the disastrous events of the late campaign in Spain, as the undeniable certainty of the late superior bravery and discipline evinced by the British troops in the battle of Corunna. The traits of individual heroism exhibited in the course of the late campaign are innumerable. The following is one of the most striking that has reached us.

In the retreat, between Lugo and Betenzos, a party of invalids, chiefly men exhausted by fatigue, was closely pressed by a body of French cavalry. Serjeant Newman, of the 2d battalion 43d, who was himself much exhausted, made an effort to press forward 'till he had passed 3 or 400 of these poor fellows; he then, with the greatest presence of mind, halted, and they came up to him, all those who were able to make any resistance, and directed the rest to proceed on as they could. He formed his party into sub-divisions, and commenced firing and retiring in a slow and orderly manner, 'till he effectually covered the retreat of his disabled comrades, and made the cavalry (about two squadrons) give up the pursuit. General Frazer, Fane, and some others, who were immediately informed of the circumstance, expressed their warmest approbation at such soldier-like conduct, and their determination not to suffer it to pass unrewarded.

THE BASINGSTOKE ELM.

THE venerable elm-tree, near Deane's alms-houses, at Basingstoke, which had long, by its magnitude and antiquity, attracted the notice of strangers, has lately been cut down. It measured 21 feet in the girth, in the thickest part near the root, and 14 feet at four feet from the ground. The trunk was much decayed, and a considerable part of it reduced to almost a shell; but upwards, in the branches, the tree seemed to be in the full vigour of vegetation. As it was considered dangerous to the neighbouring houses, it was sold by public sale for £6. which, after it was cut down, was thought too much, as the greatest portion of it was fit only for fuel.

This tree stood at the junction of three roads; and it seems to have been a custom with our ancestors to plant elms in such situations; many instances of which may still be met with. For what reason this was done, does not readily appear. Perhaps they were planted as memorials of some public important events; as it has been said, this tree was planted in the year of the revolution; and by some, on the discovery of the gunpowder plot; or possibly at the revolution.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

SOON after the conquest, when the French language was first introduced into our courts of law, the society of Gray's Inn appointed an officer, whose duty it was to summon the students, &c. to dinner, at twelve o'clock, by walking through every part of the inn, and crying out "Manger! Manger!" The office continues to the present day, and the duty of it is discharged at the same hour, and therefore, from the change of customs and habits, may rather serve for a summons to breakfast than dinner; this ancient dinner bell is called the mangeur, and receives a quarterly stipend for the use of his noon-day clapper to this hour.

FETTER-LANE.

THIS lane was formerly called Fewter-lane, from the name of Fewters, given to certain idle people resorting there, says Howell (Londinopolis, 1657), it having been a way leading to gardens and waste grounds, which extended from this lane to Shoe-lane. The word Fewter I take to be the same as Foiterer, used by Chaucer in the following passage, in his House of Fame: "Comen in tomblesteres fetis and smale, and young Foiterers."

COMICAL SIGN BOARD.

OVER the door of a house, occupied by a labourer, in the parish of Awliscombe, Devon, is a board expressing as follows:

BRADBEER, SWINE-SHAVER.
Old grunting boars, with bristles tough,
I shave quite clean, tho' hard and tough.

WESTPHALIAN IMPROVEMENT.

THE new government of Westphalia has projected a junction between the rivers Elbe and Weser, to favour the exportation of the produce of the interior to foreign countries. Direct communications are to be opened between the frontiers of Westphalia and the Baltic. The low grounds and marshes are to be drained, and a grand communication opened by water from Bremen to the Vistula. An inland navigation is also to be made to Holland, and the Banks of the Rhine, while commercial relations are to be encouraged with the south of Russia and the north of Germany.

ANECDOTES *of* ADMIRAL FAULKNOR.

ON the 7th of December, 1808, died, suddenly, at Stubbington, near Titchfield, in Hampshire, Jonathan Faulknor, esq, aged 50 years, rear-admiral of the red in his majesty's navy.

He was the eldest son of the late Admiral Faulknor, whose family claims a pre-eminence in the naval history of the British isles; for, from the close of the seventeenth century, and even previous to that time, it has uniformly adorned the list of our admiralty. One of Admiral Faulknor's ancestors, Captain William Faulknor, had the honour of receiving the flag of the renowned Czar Peter, when serving under Sir John Norris in the Baltic, in tne year 1715.

Rear-admiral Faulknor was advanced to post-rank in 1782, and promoted to his flag in 1804. By his death his country has lost a gallant and meritorious officer, and his family an excellent husband, father, and friend. No one was more deservedly esteemed in the neighbourhood where he resided; generous, hospitable, and benevolent, his name will ever be revered by all who knew him.

He married the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-general Spry, of the marines, by whom he has left three children. His eldest son, Jonathan, is now serving as a midshipman.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to an Anagram inserted December 26.

IF HEROD you transpose aright,
RHODE Island it will bring to sight.

† Similar answers have been received from H. B. of Bridgewater; G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to H. Ellis's Charade, inserted the 26th of December.

LAID on his death-bed view the child of grief,
When all physicians fail to give relief;
Can ought administer serene repore,
Ere yet his life has hasten'd to its close?
Nought but religion, which alone bestows
A lenient balm to SOLACE all his woes.

*†§† A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and Samuel Duck, of South Petherton; and H. B. of Bridgewater.

A CHARADE, *by J. Treadwin, of Exeter.*

THE lawyer pleads my first to gain;
My second's in the stormy main;
My whole may no one ever need,
When poverty implores their aid.

A CHARADE, *by J. French, at Evershot School.*

TAKE what's useless of a light,
And my first 'twill bring to sight;
My next is useful for my first,
To keep it pure, and free from dust:
Now join the parts, they will declare
What oft is us'd among the fair.

A REBUS, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

A Symbol of the cross you first must shew;
A river next, which doth in England flow;
Thirdly, a branch sprung from the verb to be;
And then two prepositions you must see;
A pronoun, Sirs, you sixthly must select;
Another preposition then detect;
If in a court of justice you appear,
Remember that you speak the truth sincere;
Or by my whole, for want of sudden thought,
You may be in a contradiction caught;
All people then your conduct will despise;
No one respects the man that deals in lies.

☞ *Several poetical and other articles, lately received, have been necessarily omitted, on account of their want of merit.*

*** *The answers sent to questions, enigmas, &c. are regularly noticed, if they come to hand in time.*

††† *Postage of letters must be paid, or their contents will not be noticed.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE.

Written at the beginning of the present Winter.

RISING from some lone cavern's dark abode
Behold stern winter's dreary form appears!
Bent with th' infirm decrepitude of years,
With cautious steps he slowly marks his road,
Whilst ride attendant on his dreary form,
Cold chilling blasts, the tempest, and the storm.
Hark! his hoarse-sounding voice, and hollow tone,
Wildly resounds across the barren heath,
Where the lone traveller, dress'd in flaky white,
Veil'd by the dark obscurity of night,
Utters aloud the deep, desponding groan,
And sinks into the chilly arms of death.

Th' unruly seas, by madd'ning fury driv'n,
War with the jarring elements of heav'n;
The lightnings glare, and pealing thunders roll,
And shake the solid earth from pole to pole;
The giddy bark, urg'd by its mad career,
Fills with affright the mariner;
Whilst the grim messenger of death
"Flaps his broad wings," and rides upon the wave;
Breathes o'er his frame his deadly blasting breath,
And sinks his victim in a wat'ry grave.

But whilst these devastations mark the reign
Of cruel winter's desolating train,
What dire commotions agitate the world!
Again the embattled armies seek the field,
The vengeful instruments of war to wield;
Again th' invet'rate steel, defil'd with gore,
Forth from the scabbard flies, and seeks for peace no more.
Freedom once more her banner has unfurl'd
T' oppose the bold, aspiring foe;
Once more has liberty her standard rear'd
His dire ambition to o'erthrow.

But can a loyal few withstand
The num'rous legions at his dread command?
Can a brave few,
When in defence of all they hold most dear,
Still to their liberties and country true,
Withstand th' ambitious host—a tyrant's wild career?
But let us hope, while freedom is their cause,
Still let us hope their brav'ry will prevail;
A cause like their's shall gain the world's applause,
E'en tho' defeat we're doom'd in sorrow to bewail.

Exeter, January 16, 1809. H. E.

The

The WARRIOR's TOMB.

WHAT tomb shall guard the warrior's wreath
From fate and time?
Whose soul sublime
Atchiev'd the patriot meed in death,
And prosper'd with life's latest breath
His country's quarrel!
A nation's heart shall prove that tomb,
Where grief and pride
Twin watch reside,
To sigh or frown as years presume,
And sacredly renew with bloom
The soldier's laurel!

If tomb that lasts while memory lives
Transmitting praise
To time's last days—
If love that funeral pomp survives
And in man's *heart of hearts* still thrives
While worlds endure—
If to the hall of warriors blest
Earth's obsequies
Accepted rise—
Such tomb now rear in England's breast,
To sooth with yet a holier rest
The soul of MOORE.

Bath, January 26, 1809. WILLIAM DIMOND.

APOSTROPHE TO THE RIVER NITH.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

HAIL, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, tho' far I rove,
The slave of poverty and love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran;
And there, to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew:

Blythe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nurs'd a poet's dream!
Oft have I, in forbidden time,
(If youth could sanctify a crime!)
With hazel-rod, and fraudful fly,
Ensnar'd thy unsuspecting fry;
In pairs have dragg'd them from their den,
'Till, chac'd by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown, as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind!
And, when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Return'd successful as before!

ON A MISER.

I Have seen him anxious watch his heap of dung,
Lest sparrows there might find a grain of corn.